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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Perry

All doubt about the Ku Klux Klan being a self-help outfit is removed by the modest claim of a Grand Something-Or-Other, that he is "a special emissary of Providence, for the salvation of America." This lies and beats the royal boast of the ex-Kaiser, that he was a partner of God. If Providence had been implicated in the formation of the aggregation, they would be open-faced and unshirred and not chasing around the country-side on moonless nights, engaged in devilry. As it panned out, "the salvation of America," resulted in the more or less successful skinning of America. The K trio did gloss hellish politics with sweet religion, but there are no divinely inspired candidates for constable this year.

In the Pendleton murder case, the lady shot powerful straight at 300 yards, for one "blinded by love." The defense maintains she was crazy, but will prove she was not crazy.

FINE PLACE FOR IT

(This Paper)

Ray Varney was bound over to the grand jury yesterday, charged with the charge of beating his wife, Bertha Varney, in Justice Taylor's court. Mr. and Mrs. Varney are residents of Jackson County.

Gasoline is going up two cents. This means no cream for the mush Fridays.

A maid on a wheel, and a lad on roller skates, held a spirited contest on the leading business artery Tues. pm, to see which would get hit by a go-cart first.

A prize has been offered for the "most genuine world event in 1923." The tragedy of the Eastern Oregon schoolman who tried to spank a 16 year old boy, of the male persuasion, and instead was spanked himself, deserves some recognition.

Paved highways are still slipping out from underneath autos going faster than a hotshot at a party, enroute to the grocery store for a jar of salad dressing.

Oregon is to be blessed by the "Flying Squadron," orators engaged in stopping the rum evil. Their visit is not liable to interfere seriously with the deluge of liquor from Canada, but will inject a little life into the election.

Popcorn school was closed last week on account of the illness of one of the teachers. (Salem Capital Journal). The class in peanut roasting was also excused.

EPIDEMIC OF IT

(Eugene Register)

It was reported yesterday that Sheriff Williams, whose case was to come up following the Willard case, was ill at his home with influenza. Whether the sheriff's illness is serious is not known.

There would be fewer accidents at grade crossings if fool engineers would obey orders and sound their whistles before thundering across public highways. (Oregon City Enterprise). This practice of trying to beat speed idiots across, has got to be stopped.

Gooding is rampant in the residential districts, and 99 per cent of the population either have a hide like a rhinoceros, or are snakes in the grass.

Kernel Tengwald is coveting for county clerk. The kernel is handicapped by some qualifications for the job, but expects his military bearing to overcome this defect.

THE ALIEN

(New Orleans Picayune)

Try to tear down my jail, and there will be some new widows in Crawford county and some new faces in hell! With this casual remark, somewhat forcefully made by a person with a reputation for veracity, Sheriff Shaw of Fort Smith, Ark., persuaded a mob of a thousand mad Arkansians to let his jail and the prisoners it held severely alone. The sheriff sets a good example, an example not only to jailers in times of stress, but to officers of the law with respect to their duty generally.

FOR SALE—1919 Maxwell, for home, with new hind tires. Phone 617-J evenings. (Want ad Port Orford Tribune).

KNOW YOUR OWN STATE.

THE RESIDENT of Buffalo, New York, who never had seen Niagara Falls, was after all a typical American. There is some peculiar trait in human nature which paints the distant picture with roseate colors, and fails to mark the beauty before the door-step.

Last year there were more Californians to visit Crater Lake than Oregonians. If statistics were available, one would undoubtedly be amazed to find the number of people in Southern Oregon who have never visited Crater Lake or the Oregon caves.

This is doubly strange for the one department in which Oregon exceeds all other states on the coast, is in its scenic attractions. Neither California nor Washington have anything to compare with Crater Lake and the Columbia River highway. Yet we know of one native Oregonian who first heard of the wonders of the Columbia River highway from a resident of Los Angeles.

Know Thyself! That is a good slogan for the individual, for the citizen and for the resident of a state.

Tonight at the Armory, every resident of Medford will have the opportunity to know Oregon,—its scenic attractions, its tourist crop resources, its wild life. Instead of being forced to travel about the state, at considerable expense in time and money, the natural wonders will be brought here, in moving pictures and lantern slides, explained by the three men in the state, best qualified to explain them. And this unusual opportunity will be free,—not even a hat will be pushed to disturb the overburdened tax payer.

Needless to say the Armory should be crowded. Those who fail to attend will not only miss an evening of instruction and entertainment, they will miss an unusual opportunity to serve their state in the future, by knowing what Oregon possesses and thus being able to aid in the important work of passing the information on.

QUILL POINTS

To the victor belong the immigrants.

You can find laborers almost everywhere except in a labor government.

Another good way to turn brass into gold is to ask your friends to sign notes for you.

The thing that causes most of the wear and tear on political fences is straddling.

When they call it "crude oil," the adjective doesn't refer to its lobbying methods.

Another objection to the fire of patriotism is that it peters out before the bills are paid.

Many a man thinks he is overworked just because he takes all day to handle a three-hour job.

Another old-fashioned institution you don't hear much about is the wedding anniversary.

He isn't a real highbrow poet, however, unless he can make "vase" rhyme with "cause."

Death is ennobling. Every little fur-bearing animal becomes a seal when it dies.

The soft drink may be an abomination, but fortunately you can drink or let it alone.

Of course we can't recognize the Reds. They shoot the rich instead of taxing them to death.

"We need a slogan to end war," says a magazine writer. What about "Pay as you enter?"

So far, fortunately, no ribald commentator has called General Sawyer either a lame duck or a quack.

What every government needs is a foreign policy that will make friends abroad without losing votes at home.

Mr. Hughes, shuddering about the Reds, somehow reminds us of France shuddering about the return of the crown prince.

Correct this sentence: "He is so full of life and vigor," boasted the mother, "and he never slams a door."



NOTHING SUITS.

ONE DAY in mid-December, as I pursued the kine, the breeze recalled September, the skies were all ashine; I said, "I don't remember a winter half so fine. It keeps my heart rejoicing that I'm alive, by jing, when all the winds are voicing the melodies of spring, and as I go rolls-royling I'm happy as a king." "Of course it's wondrous weather," says Gaffer Witherspoon, "but fate will doubtless feather a shaft to wound us soon; too many days together are like the days of June. It would be vastly better if there were snow and sleet, if days were colder, wetter, if winds were not so sweet; this weather's not the getter of bumper crops of wheat. It would be more consoling if clouds were dripping rain, if bitter blasts were rolling across a frozen plain; these sunny days are tolling the knell of hay and grain." "You make me sad and dreary, oh, gaffer," I replied; "for anything that's cheery gives you a pain inside; your path is always dreary, and sorrow is your guide. Enjoy these days of gladness, these days recalling June, forget the season's madness, and eaper 'neath the moon; shake off this chronic sadness, oh, Gaffer Witherspoon."

Personal Health Service

By WILLIAM BRADY, M. D.
Noted Physician and Author

Signed letters pertaining to personal health and hygiene, not to disease diagnosis or treatment, will be answered by Dr. Brady if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Letters should be brief and written in ink. Owing to the large number of letters received, only a few can be answered here. No reply can be made to queries not conforming to instructions. Address Dr. William Brady, in care of this newspaper.

Testing the Heart

The reader who suggested a series of talks about heart disease asked whether a layman can tell if his heart is weak and if so how.

In the last talk on the subject, "How Hearts Fail," we listed half a dozen signs which, while not proving that there is anything the matter with the heart, do nevertheless warn the victim that he should at least have a medical examination. A layman never can diagnose heart disease; I doubt whether even a doctor could diagnose it in him.

self. But today I give a few tests which are fairly dependable gauges of the functional efficiency of the heart; after all, that is the important thing. If one's heart functions normally, why worry about heart disease? On the other hand, if you try these tests and find that your heart function is not up to standard, don't worry about heart disease, but go and have a medical examination. For these are several other disease conditions which may impair the functional efficiency of the circulation besides disease of the heart.

The first and simplest test is holding the breath by the watch. If you can hold it 40 seconds your heart must be functioning very well. If your breaking point falls much short of the normal average of 40 seconds, you need medical attention. There is a little secret or trick which is interesting and harmless to try out which would spoil the significance of the test. If one prepares for two or three minutes first, by breathing a little deeper and just a little faster than ordinarily, then holds the breath it is not difficult to last 1½ or two minutes. Some students breathed pure oxygen from a tank for five minutes in this way and then held their breath eight minutes.

Another fairly dependable test of the integrity of the circulation is made thus: Count the pulse after you have been sitting at rest for 15 minutes. Then quickly run up a single flight of stairs and count the pulse again. There should be an increase of about twenty beats a minute in the rate. This increased rate continues for a few minutes. If the rate increases much more than 20 beats, the circulation is inefficient.

A third practical test consists in counting the pulse in the resting state, then executing 20 deep knee flexions (third movement of the New Brachy Symphonies), and counting the pulse again. The pulse will be more rapid, but if your condition is normal the rate should decline to about normal resting rate within three minutes.

Is there any tonic which will restore the color of my hair? I am just thirty and have to earn my money. I find age bars one from many positions and don't want to look any older than I am. (H. C. A.)

Answer.—Nothing is known which will restore color to the hair. You should have your hair dyed regularly by a good hair dresser or barber. That is just as proper as applying talcum powder to your face.

"JUST TOWN TALK"

Copied Right By Mike

I WAS down at the station
WAITING FOR the train
TO CREEP northward
AND I noticed him
WALKING ABOUT the depot
WITH HIS head in the air
AND SORT of acting
AS THOUGH he was doing us
A MIGHTY big favor
RY WALKING around
ON THE same earth with us
AND I was watching him
AND HAPPENED to catch his eye
AND He looked at me
AS THOUGH I ate peas
WITH MY knife
OR VOTED for Bryan
AND IT made me mad
AND HE kept strutting around
WAVING HIS cane in the air
AND LOOKING as lofty
AND AS superior
AS THE Kaiser used to look
BEFORE HE got in Dutch
AND EVERYBODY started
TO GET aboard
AND THERE was an old lady
STRUGGLING TOWARD the car
WITH A big suitcase
IN HER hands
AND SHE was dressed
IN OLD fashioned garments
THAT HAD seen plenty of service
AND MR. High and Lofty
HAPPENED to notice her
AND TOOK off his hat

AND SAID something to her
AND THEN he grabbed hold
OF HER suitcase
AND CARRIED it for her
AND TOOK her by the arm
AND HELPED her on
AND SMILED as pleasant
AND GOT aboard himself
AND SOMEHOW or other
I SORT of felt
THAT I owed him an apology
ALTHOUGH I didn't know
HOW I could make it
BUT IT just goes to show
THAT YOU never can tell
WHAT A man is
BY HIS appearance
AT LEAST I can't
I THANK you.

AN OLD RECIPE
TO DARKEN HAIR

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome.

Nowadays we simply ask a nearby drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." You will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients, at very little cost. Everybody uses this preparation now, because no one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy and you look years younger.



Women seem to succeed at everything except standing back when passengers are trying to get out of an elevator. The worst thing about reading in bed, next to remembering where we left off the night before, is ruining the eyesight.

A BIT
OF VERSE

Their Way
We've had our troubles at times, but then
Always we've chuckled and kissed again;
Never remembered the words we'd said
When our tempers rose and our cheeks were red;
Never lived over the hateful days
And kept them alive, for it never pays
And we've always started each day just right
And we've always said at the close, "good-night."

We don't profess we're a saintly style
When things go wrong it is hard to smile,
And crosses come as the days go by
And nerves will tingle and tempers fly.
So I've growled my growls and mumbled my growls
And she's flung her barbs and I've used my spurs.
But never a wrangle we've had, I'll say,
Has been kept alive for another day.

We've said our say, and we've banged the doors
And stamped our feet on the hardwood floors,
And muttered things in the heat of rage
Which wouldn't look well on the printed page.
Sometimes all day I have worn a pout,
And man's looked plum as she walked about;
But when night came down and we went to bed
We've always kissed as "good night" we said.

Now love will not die with a spat or two
If you start afresh when the quarrel's through.
But hatred grows if you keep in mind
And brood and brood on things unkind.
For love grows weary and will not stay
Where they wake with the rancor of yesterday.
So leave your by-gones along the way
And keep no old quarrel to start the day.
Edgar A. Guest.
(Printed by request.)

As a candidate in the Republican primaries for the office of Sheriff, I desire to clearly define my position on the future conduct of that office, if elected.

My experience as a deputy Sheriff of Jackson County, and as a State Traffic Officer, has taught me that no peace officer can give satisfactory and efficient service to the public when his authority and responsibility are shared by another. The present unsatisfactory law enforcing conditions are largely attributable to divided authority between the sheriff and the deputies, elements that are certain to produce inefficiency and useless expense.

If elected I shall insist upon and expect to receive the right to perform the duties of Sheriff in this County, and it follows that I will be uncompromisingly opposed to special officers except Federal Agents, with whom I pledge full and complete cooperation. I am in thorough accord with both the letter and spirit of the laws and pledge my active and untiring efforts in their enforcement.

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LAUREL GRAY
LOVE COSHP

THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD

by Laurel Gray

No real big man is ever too preoccupied with mundane affairs or the responsibilities of his business to forget to pay the little attentions that are due a wife. I get so out of patience with men of affairs, large and small, who dismally beg the excuse that the reason they forget to send flowers out to Mary, or neglect to "take Stella to a show, or just don't let in

home a box of sweets to Gertrude is that they are "too busy" down town. Bah! What a cheap, awkward dodge that is. I want to remind you of a man who found himself with an invalid bride on his hands. He was a struggling young lawyer in a little town in the middle west. There were whole weeks that went by when Mary, a cash customer came into his funny little office. But it was observed by the people of the town that in spite of discouragements and poverty and lack of opportunity, he never relaxed his quiet, sympathetic love-making for his wife. Some small success came to him. There were larger demands on his time and strength. But no odds how great those demands became, he always had to go home, to see Ida and to see if Ida was all right. It went on like this for years and years. This man never forgot that his wife had loved him and he loved her. They were quiet happy, grateful lovers right down to the day when he was called away from earthly cares.

I hope you've not forgotten him. Ladies and gentlemen, the late William McKinley, patriot, statesman, martyr—but first and before these, his wife's loving, thoughtful, generous husband.

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